THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

of

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

presents

MARILYN VERBICKY
soprano

assisted by Kathleen Letourneau, piano

Thursday ~~December 13, 1973~~ January 10, 1974 at 5:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Arts Building

AM SONNTAG MORGEN.....Johannes Brahms
DER TOD, DAS IST DIE KÜHLE NACHT
VON EWIGER LIEBE

TEL JOUR TELLE NUIT.....Francis Poulenc
Bonne journée
Une ruine coquille vide
Le front comme un drapeau perdu
Une roulotte couverte en tuiles
A toutes brides
Une herbe pauvre
Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer
Figure de force brûlante et farouche
Nous avons fait la nuit

AMOUR, VIENS AIDER.....Camille Saint-Saëns

OLD AMERICAN SONGS.....Aaron Copland
The Little Horses
Zion's Walls
The Golden Willow Tree
At the River
Ching-a-ring Chaw

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Degree for Miss Verbicky

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COMING EVENTS:

Friday, December 14, 1973 at 8:00 p.m. in Convocation Hall - Soprano, Jacqueline Preuss, fourth-year Bachelor of Music Student presents her Senior Recital. She will be assisted by Joachim Seggar, piano, and Peter Higham, guitar. No charge.

Monday, January 7, 1974 at 8:00 p.m. in Convocation Hall - Students of Helmut Brausswill present a two-piano recital. No charge.

Tuesday, January 8, 1974 at 8:00 p.m. in Convocation Hall - Violist, Allan Teeple, Master of Music student, will present his graduate recital. No charge.

Wednesday, January 9, 1974 at 8:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall - The Edmonton Chamber Music Society presents the Edmonton Chamber Music Players. Members only.

TRANSLATIONS

Am Sonntag Morgen - On Sunday Morning

On Sunday morning, daintily attired,
I know full well whither you went,
And there were many people who had seen you,
And came to me then to accuse you,
When they rold me this, I laughed aloud,
And then at night I wept in my room.
When they told me this, I began to sing,
And then alone, I wrung my hands until they hurt.

Der Tod, das ist die kuhle Nacht - Death is the cool night

Death is the cool night,
Life is the sultry day.
It now grows dark, I am sleepy,
The day has tired me.
Above my bed rises a tree,
The young nightingale sings therein;
It sings of naught but love,
I hear it, I hear it even in my dream.

Von ewiger Liebe - Of Love Unending

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field!
Night has fallen, the world now is silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
Yes, and the lark is now silent too!
From the village yonder there comes the young lad,
Taking his beloved home,
He leads her past the willow bushes,
Talking much, and of many things:
"If you suffer shame and if you grieve,
If you suffer sidgrace before others because of me,
Then our love shall be ended ever so fast,
As fast as we once came together,
It shall go with the rain and go with the wind,
As fast as we once came together."
Then says the maiden, the maiden says:
"Our love can never end!
Firm is the steel and the iron is firm,
Yet our love is firmer still.
Iron and steel can be forged over;
Who can change our love?
Iron and steel can perish in time,
Our love, our love must remain forever!"

Tel Jour Telle Nuit

I. Blessed day, I have never seen again what I will not forget,
What I will never forget.
And the fleeting women whose eyes
Scan me
Enveloped in their smiles.

Blessed day, I have seen my friends without worry.
Men who were not heavy with thinking.
One that passed,
His gloom changed to smiles
Escaping in a stream.
I have seen the great heavens.
The satisfied look of private people,
A distant beach where no one lands.

Blessed day, the day that began sadly
Black under the green trees,
But which was suddenly drenched with dawn
Taking the heart by surprise.

II. A wasted empty shell
Cries in her apron.
The children who play around her
Make less noise than flies.
The ruin goes fumbling
To chase the cows in the field.
I have seen the day,
I see this
Without being ashamed.

III. The face like a fallen flag.
I drag you out of my memory, I'm alone
In the cold streets
The dark rooms
Crying of misery.
I don't want to release them,
Your hands delicate and complex,
Born in the closed mirror of mine.
All the rest is perfect,
All the rest is still useless.
How life digs the earth under your shadow.
A drop of water near your breasts
Where I could drown myself like a stone.

IV. A gypsy caravan covered with misfortune
The dead horse, a child in command
Thinking, his face blue with hate
Of two breasts hitting against him
Like two fists.
This melodrama wrenches from us
The sanity of the heart.

V. In full harness
You whose spirit
Prances the night on a violin
Come reign in the woods.
The whips of the hurricane search out their path
along-side your house.
You are not of those about whom one invents desires.
Come drink a kiss,
Surrender to the fire which is driving you to despair.

VI. A flower savage and wild
Rises in the snow.
She was healthy,
My mouth is filled with the wonder
Of the taste of an air as pure as hers;
She has faded.
A flower savage and wild
Rises in the snow.

VII. I have no desire but to love you.
A storm fills the valley,
Fish, the river.
I made you to the size of my solitude.
The entire world for hiding
From the days and nights
For seeing nothing more in your eyes than my thoughts of you,
And of a world in your image,
And of days and nights
Governed by your eyelids.

VIII. Face of a power burning and savage
Black hair through which the gold runs toward the south
Into nights of curruption
The gold engulfed, the star impure
In a bed never shared.

To the veins of the temples
As well as the tips of the breasts
Life denies itself

No one is able to poke out these eyes, now
To drink their lustre or their tears
The blood filming them exults for itself alone
Intractable, malproportioned, useless
This state of health builds a prison.

IX. We have made the night; I hold your hand; I keep watch;
I hold you with all my might;
I carve on a rock the star of your strength
Profound silence where the goodness of your being will seed
I laugh again at the arrogant one
To whom you come like a beggar
At the lunatics whom you respect
At the simple-mindedness in which you bathe yourself.
And in my mind
I follow too.

I am amazed at the stranger you have become
A stranger that resembles you, resembles someone whom I love
Who is always new.

Amour, viens aider - Love, come to my aid

Tonight, Samson will seek my presence,
Tonight, he must come to me;
Now the hour of my vengeance hastens;
Our gods I shall now glorify.

O Love, of thy might let me borrow!
Pour thy poison through Samson's heart!
Let him be bound by my skills before the morrow!
In his soul he no longer would cherish the passions
he wishes were dead;
Can a flame like that ever perish,
Evermore by remembrance fed?
He rests my slave; his feats belie him
My brothers fear with vain alarms,
I only, of all, I defy him,
I hold him fast within my arms.

When love contends, strength ever fails
Even he, though strongest of the strong
Through whom in war his tribe prevails,
Will not battle long against my charms.